

# Paralysis

is sometimes caused by overwork, either mental or physical. There are many other exciting causes, such as exposure to cold, excesses, emotional influences, etc. The approach of the disease is generally gradual. Frequently the first warning is a vague feeling of headache, vertigo and muscular weakness.

**Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People**

restore the nutrition of the nerves and have cured many cases of paralysis when all other remedies and methods of treatment have failed. The record of this remedy entitles it to a thorough trial.

Perhaps there is no man better known in the city of Lawrence, Kansas, than Mr. G. H. Snyder. A reporter Mr. Snyder related a wonderful story. He said: "I am now seventy years of age. About three years ago I experienced a coldness or numbness in the feet, then creeping up my legs until it reached my body. I grew very thin in flesh, my appetite was very poor and I did not relish my food. At last I became so bad I was unable to move about. I had locomotor ataxia, another that I had creeping paralysis. I took their medicines but they did me no good and I continued to grow worse. "One day a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I immediately commenced their use, throwing all other medicines away. In five days I had finished my first box. I found that they were benefiting me. I went twelve miles in all and was perfectly cured."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers, or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or for the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

## BIGGLE BOOKS

A Farm Library of unequalled value—Practical, Up-to-date, Concise and Comprehensive—Handsomely Printed and Beautifully Illustrated.

By JACOB BIGGLE

### No. 1—BIGGLE HORSE BOOK

All about Horses—A Common-Sense Treatise, with over 24 illustrations, a standard work. Price, 50 Cents.

### No. 2—BIGGLE BERRY BOOK

All about growing Small Fruits—read and learn how; containing color illustrations of the principal varieties and no other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.

### No. 3—BIGGLE POULTRY BOOK

All about Poultry; the best Poultry book in existence; tells everything, with colored life-like reproductions of all the principal breeds; with 100 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.

### No. 4—BIGGLE COW BOOK

All about Cows and the Dairy Business; having a great sale; contains 5 colored life-like reproductions of each breed, with 100 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.

### No. 5—BIGGLE SWINE BOOK

Just out. All about Hogs—Breeding, Feeding, Butchering, Diseases, etc. Contains over 50 beautiful life-like color illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.

The BIGGLE BOOKS are unique, original, useful—you never saw anything like them—so practical, so sensible. They are having an enormous sale—East, West, North and South. Every one who keeps a Horse, Cow, Hog or Chicken, or grows Small Fruits, ought to send right away for the BIGGLE BOOKS. The

**FARM JOURNAL**

Is your paper, made for you and not a misfit. It is 23 years old; it is the great boot-heel, hit-the-mail-on-the-head, quit-after-you-have-said-it, Farm and Household paper in the world—the biggest paper of its size in the United States of America—having over a million and a half regular readers.

Any ONE of the BIGGLE BOOKS, and the FARM JOURNAL (the remainder of 1909, 1908, 1907, 1906 and 1905) will be sent by mail to any address for a DOLLAR BILL. All who order at once will also receive a beautiful 1909 "Hobson and His Mother" Calendar. Sample of FARM JOURNAL and circular describing BIGGLE BOOKS free.

WILMER ATKINSON, Address, FARM JOURNAL, CHAS. F. JENKINS, PHILADELPHIA

## THE BOY AND THE TOY.

One day before a window  
There stood a little boy,  
Who gazed with earnest longing  
Upon a pretty toy—  
Who thought with its possession  
Would come earth's greatest joy.

Day after day he saw it—  
He sighed day after day—  
And trembled lest some other  
Might carry it away;  
Day after day new splendors  
Were centered where it lay.

He gazed into the future—  
Life's story was begun—  
He stored his little earnings,  
And when the days were done  
His sleep was full of visions  
Of treasures to be won.

There came a day of triumph,  
He carried off the prize,  
And, lo! at once its splendor  
Died out before his eyes—  
The little boy was foolish;  
But, then, are men so wise?

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

## Johnston's Adventures

I KNOW this story is true, for Johnston told it to me himself, and he has not imagination enough to invent an untruth.

He told me that if you should attempt to enter into conversation with a fellow passenger in a Chicago train he probably would present you with the card in question as a delicate hint that he wanted to be left in peace.

"I am going down to Warwickshire to-morrow," I said—"continued Johnston—"to spend a few days with Seoble, and I'll take this card with me. If some one insists on talking to me when I'm reading my paper I'll try what handling him the card will do."

"I took the train at Easton, traveling second-class.

"My fellow passenger was a fine-looking woman of about 30. The heat of the day and the excitement of catching the train had given her a florid color, and I could see that the desire of condemning the weather and exposing the wickedness of a cabman was strong within her.

"Presently the woman caught my eye and said: 'I beg your pardon, but will you tell me the exact time? My cabman—'

"But here I handed the woman the Chicago card I had received the day before.

"She read it and then said: 'O, indeed! So sorry. Pray excuse me, and then lapsed in silence, while I resumed my newspaper and congratulated myself on the efficacy of the American plan of dealing with railway bores.

"It is true that my conscience did give me an occasional twinge, for the distinction between telling a lie and handing a person a ready-made lie printed on a card was not very perceptible. I asked myself whether in giving the woman a card with the words: 'I am deaf and dumb,' I had not been guilty of lying as certainly as I should have been if I had told her the same thing in so many words.

"At Wilkes Junction another passenger got in. This time it was a young lady who was evidently expected by the elder lady.

"By and by my attention was aroused in spite of myself by hearing the elder lady mention my name. 'You see,' she

of it; and I shall give him in charge the moment we get to Rugby.'

"It was clear that I must bolt from the carriage the instant the train reached the Rugby platform, and before a policeman could be called. The train was already slowing, and I hastily gathered up my rug and umbrella and prepared to move toward the door.

"No, you don't, my man!" said Mrs. Seoble, rising and taking possession of the door by the simple process of thrusting half of her ample person through the window.

"I saw at once that the game was up.

"That man has picked my pocket," said Mrs. Seoble, as soon as the policeman opened the door. "Search him and you'll find my purse in his possession. It is marked 'A. D. S.' and has four five-pound notes, two sovereigns, and some change in it, besides my ticket."

"What do you say to this?" the policeman asked me, evidently impressed with the certainty of my guilt.

"Simply that it isn't true," I replied. "I know nothing of the lady's purse, and I can easily convince you that I am a respectable person."

"My goodness!" exclaimed my accuser. "Why, the fellow isn't deaf and dumb after all! Constable, he pretended to be deaf and dumb. That shows what a scoundrel he is!"

"I rose up to follow the policeman, and my foot struck against something that was lying on the floor of the carriage. I stooped and picked it up. It was the missing purse.

"Is that your purse, madam?" I asked, as I held it up. "You must have dropped it when you were looking out of my window."

"I wouldn't advise you to play that game any more," said the policeman, severely. "Let me tell you, sir, that if you travel under false pretenses you needn't be surprised if you find yourself in trouble. You'll have to give me your name and address, in case anything more comes of this."

"I gave him my address as soon as I could get away from the carriage, and at the same time I gave him a surreptitious five shillings and asked him not to give my name to Mrs. Seoble.

"I saw Seoble on the platform as the train drew up at Greencroft, but he did not see me, for I had concealed myself behind the curtains of the carriage. I watched him until his back was turned and then sprang out and bolted into the cloakroom, which was close at hand. I had hoped to remain there until Seoble had left the station, but I was disappointed. The porter in attendance, finding that I had no particular business with him, immediately suspected me of designs upon the property under his charge and told me that I must not stay in the cloakroom.

I tried bribery, but the action only confirmed his suspicion, and he roughly ordered me to go about my business or he would have me arrested. Just then Seoble spied me.

"Why, here you are, after all!" he exclaimed. "Where on earth have you been?"

The niece had returned, and was standing looking in bewilderment, first at me and then at her uncle. Suddenly she took in the full meaning of the situation, and, after saying to me: 'Is this Mr. Johnston?' burst into uncontrollable laughter.

"There never was anything so contagious and irresistible as that laugh since the world began, and the laugh of the girl's mischievous eyes would have made John Calvin smile even in the act of burning a heretic. I could not help it, but in another moment I found myself joining in the girl's laughter, while Seoble stood and gazed at us with an almost frightened expression.

The niece was the first to speak. 'Uncle,' she said, 'there has been a mistake that would have been perfectly awful if Mr. Johnston had not been a real humorist and seen the funny side of it. Auntie has driven home, for she could not wait any longer, and we will all three walk home together, and you shall know all about it.'

"I hesitated for a second and then said to myself that I would meet 50 nuns sooner than say good-by to the niece before I had convinced her that I was not always stupid, and that I could sometimes be other than a nuisance. I not only walked home with her and faced the dismayed and repentant aunt, but I staid my full week at Greencroft. When I went away I was engaged to be married, and had already begun to call Mrs. Seoble 'aunt,' partly to show her that I bore no malice and partly by way of emphasizing the triumph that the man whom she had called stupid had won."—Pall Mall.

An Indian's Romantic Story.

A chief of the Omaha Indians died recently in whose career was wound up a romantic and wonderful story. He traced his lineage on his father's side to the haughty Bourbons who once ruled over France. His grandfather was Francois, Marquis de Fontenelle, who, when Napoleon was rising into power, left France and settled in New Orleans. His father ran away from New Orleans, became a trapper, and eventually was adopted into the Omaha tribe of Indians and married the daughter of the great chief of the nation. Stranger still, this half-breed Indian was a good classical scholar. As a trader with other Indian tribes he amassed a fortune.—Chicago Chronicle.

Puzzling to a Stranger.

Tourist in Ireland—Well, Pat, this is a grand-looking clock; but shoot me if I can tell the right time by it!

Pat—Well, your honor, it's like this, when the big hand points to six and the little hand to seven and it strikes six o'clock, then you know it's half-past six o'clock!—Answers.

Queen Wilhelmina's Coronation.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland has received from the Dutch journalists five large bound volumes containing all the accounts of her coronation that were written by the foreign journalists who attended it.

## REST IN AMERICAN SOIL.

Remains of 150 Victims of Maine Disaster Buried in Arlington Cemetery.

FULL MILITARY HONORS SHOWN HEROES

President McKinley and His Cabinet, Admiral Dewey, Gen. Miles and Other Army and Navy Officers Present—A Beautiful Wreath Placed on Each Coffin.

Washington, Dec. 29.—Upon the windy heights of Arlington cemetery the Maine dead, brought from Havana by the battleship Texas, on Thursday were laid away in their final resting places with simple religious services and the impressive honors of war in the presence of the president, members of his cabinet, officers of the army and navy and other representatives of the government.

The Burial Site.

The site is a commanding one. In front of the broad bosom of the ice-fettered Potomac, beyond the shaft of Washington, the dome of the capitol and the sprawling city; to the right the choked embankments of old Fort McPherson, and between the graves of the heroic dead of Santiago to the left the stately mansion of Lee, and to the rear through the vistas of snow-laden pines and cedars the silent army of the patriotic dead of the civil war, sleeping rank upon rank in their last bivouac.

The Scene at the Graves.

The caskets ranged row on row. Over each was spread an American ensign upon which lay a wreath of galas leaves. Around the inclosure, shoulder to shoulder, the yellow of their coat linings forming a band of color, were drawn up the cavalry of Fort Myer; to the right was a battalion of marines from the navy yard with their spiked helmets and scarlet capes turned back; to the left a detachment of janitors from the Texas, a navy blue in the flag-draped stand in the rear the president and his cabinet, Admiral Dewey, Maj. Gen. Miles and a distinguished group of officers of the army and navy in their showy dress uniforms, while all around pressed the throng of people who had braved the snow and biting cold to pay their last tribute to the dead. Among these were many relatives and friends of those who had been lost in the disaster.

Capt. Sigbee in Charge.

There was a tender appropriateness in the fact that Capt. Sigbee, who was in command of the Maine when she was blown up, had charge of the ceremonies in honor of his men, and that Father Chidwick, who was chaplain of the Maine, was there to perform the last rites. Three others who lived through that awful night in Havana harbor were at the side of the graves of their comrades—Lieut. Commander Vainwright, who was executive officer of the Maine and who sunk the Pluton and Furor at Santiago; Lieut. F. C. Bowers, who was assistant engineer of the Maine, and Jeremiah Shea, a fireman on the Maine, who was blown out of the stokehole of the ship through the debris, escaping uninjured most miraculously.

Slowly, solemnly, the full Marine band broke the deep hush, putting forth the sad, sweet strains of the dirge, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," and there were twitching of lips and wet eyes as Chaplain Clark, of the naval academy at Annapolis, came forward and took his place under a canvas-covered shelter in the open space in front of the dead.

Services Were Simple.

The Protestant services were held first, and were very simple. Chaplain Clark read the burial service of the Episcopal church, and then gave way to Father Chidwick, who was assisted by Revs. Holoid and Brown and two purple-robed acolytes. With head bared to the wintry blast, the Maine's chaplain read a memorial service according to the rites of the Catholic church, consigned the dead, blessed the ground, repeated the Lord's Prayer, and concluded with a fervent appeal for the repose of the souls of the departed. A detachment of marines, in command of Captain Kormony, then marched to the right of the grave and fired three volleys over the dead, and in the deep stillness that followed the crash, the clear, silvery notes of a bugle rang out the soldiers' and sailors' last good night.

"Taps" Are Sounded.

With the sounding of taps the ceremonies ended. The president and his party and the other distinguished guests, the military and the crowds then withdrew. And thus, after two years, the dead of the Maine have been brought home and, in ground reserved for the nation's heroes, have been buried with full military honors and in the service of their faith.

The Seal Catch.

Washington, Dec. 30.—The total catch of seals by Canadian sealing vessels during the past season was 35,444 as compared with a total for the preceding year of 28,552.

Bold Robbery.

Walsenburg, Col., Dec. 29.—W. J. Milap, a prominent stockman, was seized by two men when about to enter the Klein hotel and robbed of \$12,000.

Left to Charities.

Boston, Dec. 29.—The late Daniel S. Ford, proprietor of Youth's Companion, left nearly all of his \$2,500,000 to Baptist charities.

If Banner Salve

doesn't cure your piles, your money will be returned. It is the most healing medicine in the world.

Sharrar & Mulholland.



TIMETABLE.

In effect Nov. 12th, 1907.

TRAINS LEAVE ALMA

NORTH.

No. 12-13 P. M. No. 4-5 P. M.

W. H. BENNETT, G. H. WINCHELL, Agents, Toledo, Ohio.

TOLEDO, SAGINAW & MUSKEGON RY.

Leave Ashby, Lv. Ashby for Detroit

6:30 A. M. for Muskegon at 12:10 P. M.

2:50 P. M. for Muskegon (last connections are made at Grand Rapids)

J. W. LOBE, Traffic Manager, with all trains of D. G. H. & M. Ry.

DETROIT, MICH.

Grand Trunk R'y System.

TOLEDO, SAGINAW & MUSKEGON DIV.

In effect NOVEMBER 19, 1909

EASTBOUND.

TOLEDO, SAGINAW & MUSKEGON RY.

Leave Ashby, Lv. Ashby for Detroit

6:30 A. M. for Muskegon at 12:10 P. M.

2:50 P. M. for Muskegon (last connections are made at Grand Rapids)

J. W. LOBE, Traffic Manager, with all trains of D. G. H. & M. Ry.

DETROIT, MICH.

Grand Trunk R'y System.

TOLEDO, SAGINAW & MUSKEGON DIV.

In effect NOVEMBER 19, 1909

WESTBOUND.

TOLEDO, SAGINAW & MUSKEGON RY.

Leave Ashby, Lv. Ashby for Detroit

6:30 A. M. for Muskegon at 12:10 P. M.

2:50 P. M. for Muskegon (last connections are made at Grand Rapids)

J. W. LOBE, Traffic Manager, with all trains of D. G. H. & M. Ry.

DETROIT, MICH.

Grand Trunk R'y System.

TOLEDO, SAGINAW & MUSKEGON DIV.

In effect NOVEMBER 19, 1909

EASTBOUND.

TOLEDO, SAGINAW & MUSKEGON RY.

Leave Ashby, Lv. Ashby for Detroit

6:30 A. M. for Muskegon at 12:10 P. M.

2:50 P. M. for Muskegon (last connections are made at Grand Rapids)

J. W. LOBE, Traffic Manager, with all trains of D. G. H. & M. Ry.

DETROIT, MICH.

Grand Trunk R'y System.

TOLEDO, SAGINAW & MUSKEGON DIV.

In effect NOVEMBER 19, 1909

WESTBOUND.

TOLEDO, SAGINAW & MUSKEGON RY.

Leave Ashby, Lv. Ashby for Detroit

6:30 A. M. for Muskegon at 12:10 P. M.

2:50 P. M. for Muskegon (last connections are made at Grand Rapids)

J. W. LOBE, Traffic Manager, with all trains of D. G. H. & M. Ry.

DETROIT, MICH.

Grand Trunk R'y System.

TOLEDO, SAGINAW & MUSKEGON DIV.

In effect NOVEMBER 19, 1909

EASTBOUND.

TOLEDO, SAGINAW & MUSKEGON RY.

Leave Ashby, Lv. Ashby for Detroit

6:30 A. M. for Muskegon at 12:10 P. M.

2:50 P. M. for Muskegon (last connections are made at Grand Rapids)

J. W. LOBE, Traffic Manager, with all trains of D. G. H. & M. Ry.

DETROIT, MICH.

Grand Trunk R'y System.

TOLEDO, SAGINAW & MUSKEGON DIV.

In effect NOVEMBER 19, 1909

WESTBOUND.

TOLEDO, SAGINAW & MUSKEGON RY.

Leave Ashby, Lv. Ashby for Detroit

6:30 A. M. for Muskegon at 12:10 P. M.

2:50 P. M. for Muskegon (last connections are made at Grand Rapids)

J. W. LOBE, Traffic Manager, with all trains of D. G. H. & M. Ry.

DETROIT, MICH.

Grand Trunk R'y System.

TOLEDO, SAGINAW & MUSKEGON DIV.

In effect NOVEMBER 19, 1909

EASTBOUND.

TOLEDO, SAGINAW & MUSKEGON RY.

Leave Ashby, Lv. Ashby for Detroit

6:30 A. M. for Muskegon at 12:10 P. M.

2:50 P. M. for Muskegon (last connections are made at Grand Rapids)

J. W. LOBE, Traffic Manager, with all trains of D. G. H. & M. Ry.

DETROIT, MICH.

Grand Trunk R'y System.

TOLEDO, SAGINAW & MUSKEGON DIV.

In effect NOVEMBER 19, 1909

WESTBOUND.

TOLEDO, SAGINAW & MUSKEGON RY.